In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fyriefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scorching heate
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with sond termes, and weetlesse word
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han theyr name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coste?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As gotehearde wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And wonned not the great God Pan
vpon mount *Oliuet*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
which dyd himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy swe
from Wolues, that would them te

Morrel.

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllye place,
Where *Titan* ryseth from the mayn
to renne hys dayly race.
Vpon whose toppe the starres bene
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where *Phebe* laye
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards al
to feede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his folye one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepheardes bene forel
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my store
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sour
wherein the Nymphes doe bath
The salt Medway, that trickling
adowne the dales of Kent: